

# The Saturday News

Vol. IV

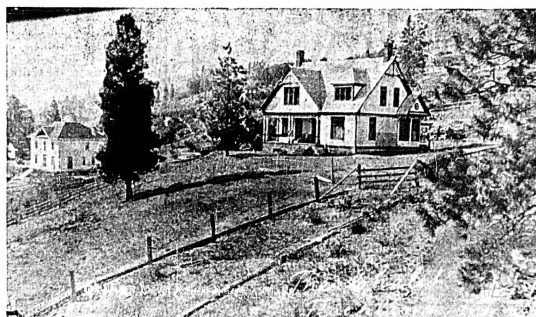
EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1909

No. 15

## The Work of the Mistress of Government House, Edmonton, as an Amateur Photographer



His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Buley behind "Atell and Altell."



The Chalet, the Lieutenant-Governor's Summer Home on Okanagan Lake.

### NOTE AND COMMENT

Monday's election proved a more sweeping victory for the Government than we anticipated in last week's forecast. But two of those who ran as straight Conservatives, Mr. Bennett in Calgary and Mr. Headley in the Yukon, were returned. In Red Deer Mr. Michener defeated the former member Mr. J. T. Moore and in Lethbridge district, the Liberal nominee, Dr. Rivers, went down before Mr. A. J. McLean.

The exact position which these two new members will take remains to be seen. It was as independents that they entered the field, but the general tendency is for those elected under these circumstances to be thrown into opposition to the Government of the day.

Mr. Michener's campaign was directed for the most part against Mr. Moore personally. The latter was the only member of the last House to be defeated, though three others retired. Mr. Moore and Mr. Rosenroll were among the more conspicuously active members, even Mr. Maclellan and Dr. McLeod were heard from much less frequently.

The fight in Lethbridge district was evidently a sectional one. Dr. Rivers, who is mayor of Raymond, polled 236 votes in that town, to one for his opponent, but this was not sufficient to counter-balance the showing in the rest of the riding made by Mr. McLean, who lives at Taser and is an old-timer.

In Rocky Mountains, Mr. Howell, socialist candidate, was chosen over the liberal-labor and the Conservative.

Including Conservatives, independents and socialist, the total opposition to the Government thus totals from a House of forty-one, which means a striking endorsement of the record of the administration. Because the latter so thoroughly deserved this demonstration of popular approval, the Saturday News is well satisfied with the outcome. But its satisfaction is not based on this alone. The Conservative party returns to the Legislature strengthened numerically to only a slight extent. But at least one of those who sit to the left of the speaker will be a man capable of discharging the duties of Opposition, which, as has very frequently been maintained on this page, cannot be neglected under our institutions without producing in time an unhealthy situation. In the last House there was to all intents and purposes no Opposition. Neither of the two gentlemen returned in the Conservative interests were in any respect fitted for the responsibilities attaching to a peculiar set of circumstances had thrown upon them. That the Government acquitted itself so well with the absolutely free hand which it had was much to its

credit. But another term of office under such conditions would have been full of danger.

These were the considerations which led The Saturday News in the bye-election, which took place a little over two years ago, in Gleichen, to do what lay in its power to bring about the return of the Conservative candidate, Mr. Walsh; and it is because of them that it now welcomes very heartily the fact that in the Legislature just elected, the Province is to have the benefit of the services of Mr. R. B. Bennett. There has been a great deal about Mr. Bennett's career as a public man that we cannot admire, but of this we are certain that there is no Conservative in Alberta who possesses a greater measure of ability, and that, with the general verdict throughout the Province as it was, it is a cause for congratulation that he will have a place in the House. He has an opportunity which has come to few Canadian public men to make a great personal reputation and to build up his party for provincial purposes along these lines, which will make it a strong influence in the cause of intelligent and honest government. The fact that he will have so few supporters will make little difference. So far as determining the result of a division in the Legislature, three or four supporters are as effective as four times the number, while being "the whole works" himself, there is no danger of anyone robbing him of any of the prestige which comes the way of the Opposition.

Monday's result showed clearly that the average man had no fault to find with the Government. It left itself in the hands of those who were not strong politicians but who wanted, above everything else to see the Province go ahead. This description applies to the mass of the electorate. The attitude of the person who viewed the campaign without prejudice could not have been better stated than it was a few days before the election by a strong Conservative newspaper the Vancouver Province. It is well worth reproducing in full.

"It is scarcely to be wondered at," said the Province, "that the people of Alberta are apathetic in regard to the provincial elections, the nominations for which were held yesterday. It is little more than four months ago that the federal contest took place and the excitement of that struggle was sufficient to satisfy all reasonable men for some time to come. The citizens of Alberta are just now chiefly occupied with their private affairs and will perhaps rightly enough consider that they have done their duty sufficiently when they go to the polls and record their votes."

Besides the Rutherford government has certainly given the province good administration. The ministers have been manifestly solicitous for the public welfare while in office; they accomplished many and useful undertakings; they have carefully husbanded the revenues contributed by the people and they have taken the lead in all movements for the general advantage. The province has prospered under

their direction and no charges of any serious nature can be made against their direction of affairs. Why then should the people dispense with their services and accept those of men who are untried and who may be unfit or at least less competent? That would be carrying attachment to party names to an unreasonable length.

The opposition, too, is apparently disunited and is without a leader. That in itself should and no doubt will determine the matter with the electors.

"British Columbia has no particular interest in the local politics of Alberta, but it would be impossible not to entertain a kindly feeling towards the Rutherford government which did so much to advance the interests of both provinces by electing and directing public sentiment in the matter of the Pacific route for Western wheat. No doubt the same spirit would be shown by the opposition should it be successful at the polls, but the present administration has a good grasp of the situation and has given substantial evidence of its sincere desire to promote this movement."

Of the Ministers, Hon. Mr. Cushing, of course, had the hardest fight and his return at the head of the poll in Calgary did honor to the electorate of that city. It is to be hoped that we never again hear so strongly sectional an appeal as Alberta as that which was made to defeat him. The result throughout the south country as a whole shows that it was as ineffective as it was undesirable to those making it.

Hon. Mr. Finlay's success in Medicine Hat, his opponent losing his deposit, was the surprise of the day. He was most viciously attacked as "a traitor to the south," and with the close run which he had in 1905

and the large Conservative majority given in his riding in the Dominion elections, many expected his defeat. His triumph should serve to discourage those who are tempted in the future to resort to the tactics used against him.

In Stratheona the Premier's return was a foregone conclusion. Among his most enthusiastic supporters were leading Conservatives, while the vote in the country demonstrated that Mr. Sheppard's ideas were shared by but a small proportion of the farmers. In Clover Bar, for instance, he received but four votes to forty-six from the Premier. The returns at hand show that the vote in the constituency as a whole stood in the proportion of about six to one. To the Saturday News it appears a pity that the farmers of the Province are not more largely represented in the Legislature and that the parties make a great mistake in not choosing a larger proportion of those engaged in agriculture as their candidates. But, like every other class movement, an appeal to vote for a farmer, simply because he is a farmer, deserves discouragement.

In Edmonton the forces that arrayed themselves against Hon. Mr. Cushing strengthened his support to such an extent that he stood at the head of the poll with 3274 votes. Mr. McDougall being second with 2381. Mr. Ewing's vote was 1590 and Mr. Galbraith's 315. The winning candidates thoroughly deserved the victory. Mr. Ewing had an uphill task from the start, taking the Conservative nomination in the face of what appeared certain defeat and after it had been declined by several

others who had been to the fore in the past. The fight he made was a plucky one and he comes out of it with his personal reputation largely enhanced. The Conservatives couldn't have found a better candidate.

Of the new members of the House, many are unknown quantities. But it is certain that the general character of the assembly will be very much improved. That the sessions will be of much greater interest with men among the members who possess such reputations as speakers as do Mr. Bennett, Mr. Marshall and Mr. George P. Smith of Camrose goes without saying. Two of the new representatives from whom much is expected are Mr. W. A. Buchanan of Lethbridge, who had a majority of seventy odd in a hard, three-cornered fight and Dr. Warnock of Pincher Creek.

The prospect of at least four years of freedom from political campaigns is one that every Albertan will welcome. Elections are a necessary evil. They engender much bitterness and make it more difficult for citizens to work together for the building up of the great heritage that it has fallen to our lot to determine the future of. Not that the contest just over was responsible for an unusual amount of bad blood. In fact there have been few in which there has been less. But ninety-nine persons out of a hundred are glad that it is all over and that it can be so easily forgotten.

In the meanwhile big events are looming ahead on the stage of imperial and world politics. Mr. Asquith's striking announcement that so great had been the progress of Germany in naval construction that England's two power standard was gone and that the question now was the maintenance of the one-power has caused a profound sensation. The action of Australia and New Zealand in offering to come to the aid of the imperial navy has, as was to be expected, immediately resulted in the question of Canada's making a contribution being raised. It looks as if we have come to a parting of the ways. It was impossible for the Dominion, as it grew in wealth and population, to continue to occupy the relation of absolute dependence upon Great Britain in matters of defence. If we are to receive the benefit of the protection afforded by the British navy, we must pay our share of the burden of keeping it up. But if we do so, there has to be a readjustment of our form of government. There are many other considerations to take note of as well and the Saturday News has no idea of discussing so tremendous a subject in a single paragraph such as this. Possibly next week new information will be at hand by which to determine how far these stupendous problems have advanced into the realm of practical politics.

Another development, the exact

importance of which is not yet apparent from the dispatches received, is that constituted by the introduction of the Payne tariff at Washington, as successor to the Dingley, Wilson, McKinley and other measures that have made fiscal history in the country to the south. The New York Post, from which there is no stronger low-tariff newspaper on the continent, nor one of keener discernment, makes this comment:

"We would not speak as though the work were already done, and a satisfactory tariff enacted by the Republicans. Their labor is all before them, and it will be arduous. Yet the attitude counts for much, in such things, and the party's attitude is now substantially right. Great credit is due President Taft for firmly holding Republicans to their pledges. As was said by Judge Parker in his lecture at Princeton, on Saturday, there are signs in abundance that many Republicans never intended an honest revision of the tariff, but that cannot be said of Mr. Taft. He has not dissembled; and the sincerity of his purpose is not questioned, even by his opponents."

In this country we have long since ceased to be dependent on tariff legislation at Washington. Our public men used to travel at intervals to the American capital in an endeavor to secure the entrance of Canadian goods on more favorable terms. Our neighbors, however, persisted in building their tariff wall higher and higher, with the result that Canada began to look for its trade in other directions. Having shown its economic independence and prospered under it, the Dominion was content to wait calmly for the country to the south to show signs of returning sanity in such matters and now that it is doing so it is a cause of considerable satisfaction. The lowering of a tariff against our goods on the part of any country must concern us and when the move is made by one which stands in the geographical relation to us that the United States has, it is bound to have a profound effect.

### Young Albertans to the Fore

The request made by the Saturday News that parents should co-operate with it in enabling it to present a series of photos of their baby boys and girls has met with a gratifying response. Our official photographer, Mr. C. M. Burk, has been kept very busy for two weeks back at his studio on Jasper Avenue East in taking the different youthful sitters. Excellent results have been obtained and next week it is proposed to commence the publication of that series in the Mirror. Remember that our offer to have every baby taken free of charge and to have each mother presented with a print is open till Easter. All desiring to take advantage of it should call upon Mr. Burk without delay.

## The Saturday News

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SATURDAY, MARCH 27

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Sometimes an election means a  
 drunk. At all times they are much  
 the same in their effects. In the  
 heat of a campaign the man who  
 has imbibed the spirit of the occa-  
 sion is no more a normal self  
 than the one who has taken to  
 spirits of the every-day sort. For  
 the time being he regards his closest  
 friends and his most respected  
 neighbor with suspicion and con-  
 tempt. He calls him the worst of  
 names. He will stoop to all kinds  
 of actions on behalf of his party that  
 he wouldn't think of doing in his  
 sober senses for foolish. In fact he  
 does all sorts of foolish things and  
 then the morning after, when  
 these words realizing the full depth  
 of their meaning, for 'tis, my  
 humble contribution to the Saturday  
 News, is being prepared on that  
 identical morning. But I won't  
 pursue my speculation further. A  
 temperance sermon from a man  
 who has been out on a bat may be  
 interesting to a certain type of mind  
 but is not very profitable. So it is just  
 as well to dismiss the subject with  
 that classic twentieth century  
 aphorism "Let us forget it!"

I don't want to prolong the agony  
 by calling attention to issues that  
 arose during the campaign after it  
 is all over, but there is one, which  
 is most important, that has been  
 overlooked in the province at large.  
 It was raised by Mr. James Shoul-  
 dice, the Conservative candidate in  
 Gleichen. He criticized the Govern-  
 ment's policy of extending the tele-  
 phone system on the ground that  
 when the ladies of a house secured  
 a telephone, they had little time to  
 do their house work and might even  
 be invited out to parties. This, I  
 submit, is a very important consid-  
 eration, and the man who called  
 attention to it was deserving of a  
 better fate than he met with on  
 Monday. I myself have been in  
 homes where the telephone had  
 completely demoralized. When  
 provided with a desk-phone, she who  
 should have been at work mending  
 her husband's socks, would spend her  
 mornings sitting at her ease and gos-  
 sipping with her friends. Being  
 under no necessity to do anything  
 but a dressing gown or a kimono or  
 whatever you call the articles in  
 which the sex look so charming in  
 the early part of the day, have  
 been told that the conversation flows  
 much more easily than when those  
 participating have to be decked out  
 in the prescribed formal attire.  
 Usually, I understand, though,  
 the latter are indulged in as a  
 matter of precaution to confirm  
 what has been imparted in the  
 morning and to make sure that  
 nothing has been missed. Or take the  
 case of the farmers' wife who is on  
 a party line. How can she be ex-  
 pected to get on with her housework  
 when every time that she hears the  
 phone ring she knows it gives her a  
 chance to find out what of her  
 neighbors is doing or saying? Then  
 we have the business man, what  
 is home to him with a phone? He  
 might as well stay at his office. In  
 the words of the poet he may well  
 say:

"The world is too much with me  
 So on I live."  
 Frequently, in order to protect  
 himself he resorts to prevarication,  
 which has a very bad effect on chil-  
 dren and servants.  
 The subject is a big one and it is a  
 great pity Mr. Shouldice isn't in the  
 Legislature to bring it up there.  
 All I can say is that if I were a  
 married man, I wouldn't put a  
 phone in my house, if Government  
 gave a bonus of ten times the  
 rental that it charges.

During the late campaign little  
 Dorothy was out walking with her  
 mother, and saw a "For Rent" sign  
 in a window. "Look, mamma," she  
 exclaimed, "the people in that  
 house are for Rent; but we are for  
 Cross, aren't we?"

Our politicians are coming on but  
 they still have much to learn from  
 those of Old Ireland. The London  
 Express prints the following extracts  
 from a speech by Mr. Goodman, a  
 Dundalk politician, celebrity:  
 "Them rotten dogs, the  
 cur of the deepest dye, the  
 soundrel, that d-- rotten  
 Orange rag, I will knock the  
 brains out of his head." Read-  
 ing between the lines, one can see  
 that, beneath his calm exterior, Mr.  
 Goodman was beginning to feel  
 nettled.

Whether in politics or in anything  
 else, there is nothing that gives you  
 a better measure of a man than the

way he takes a licking. It is, there-  
 fore, with much pain that I read in  
 the Calgary papers a letter from  
 that distinguished Canadian, Mr.  
 Tommy Burns, to a friend in that  
 city, in which he indulges in some  
 very familiar-sounding talk  
 about being robbed of the cham-  
 pionship by the crafty scheming of  
 his opponent. Here is a choice ex-  
 tract:

"I suppose you were disappointed  
 when I lost, but never mind, Jim,  
 I'll get that dirty nigger yet before  
 I get through. He didn't beat me,  
 the police stop it, as J. J. J. J. J. J. J.  
 the fight because my jaw was broken  
 it wasn't broken, it was only swollen  
 a little."

If Tommy indulges his letter  
 writing propensities too far, Cana-  
 dians are not to be content to let  
 their friends to the south claim him  
 as an American.

The other evening little Harry  
 Smith was in an unusually inquisi-  
 tive mood when he asked his mother,  
 "Is the old white hen to be sent  
 away for the summer, ma?"  
 "I don't think so, Harry. What  
 makes you ask?" was the reply.  
 "Well, this morning I heard papa  
 tell the new governess that he would  
 take her out for some spins in his  
 auto just as soon as he sent the old  
 hen away for the summer."

"Football!" growled the angry  
 father "Ugh!"  
 "But surely," said his friend,  
 "your son won high honors in foot-  
 ball at his college?"

"He did," assented the father.  
 "First he was a quarter back."  
 "Yes."  
 "Then a halfback."  
 "Yes."  
 "Then a fullback."  
 "Yes."  
 "And now - what is he now?"  
 "He is," roared the father, "he is  
 a hunchback!"  
 She heard you singing in your  
 room this morning.

He: Oh, I sing a little to kill time.  
 She: You have a good weapon.  
 - Boston Transcript.

Little Johnnie, who had been  
 praying for some months for God to  
 send him a baby brother, finally  
 became discouraged. "I don't  
 believe God has any more little boys  
 to send," he told his mother, "and  
 I'm going to quit it."

Early one morning not long after  
 this he was taken into his mother's  
 room to see twin boys who had  
 arrived in the night. Johnnie re-  
 garded them thoughtfully for some  
 minutes.  
 "Gee," he remarked finally, "it's  
 a good thing I stopped praying when  
 I did." - Everybody's Magazine.

## THE SHEEP MAN'S STORY.

From the Denver Republican.  
 There's a nester at the water hole -  
 He's drove his homesteads deep,  
 And we must move across the plain -  
 Me and three thousand sheep.

For me and Mr. Nester Man  
 Talked sassy yesterday -  
 A conversation in which guns  
 Had quite a lot to say.  
 "Move on," a zippin' bullet sings,  
 A-flyin' past my head:  
 "I'll stay awhile," I answered back  
 In form of moulded lead.  
 But when night come we quit our  
 talk,  
 And I set down to think,  
 And then I placed that I must hunt  
 Some other place to drink.



First Business Man (scented): "Awfully sorry I couldn't dine  
 with you last night, old man, but I was away for the week-end.  
 Only came back this morning. Bigger to do it these strenuous  
 times."

Second B. M.: "Yes, I know. Well, look here, come to-night."  
 First B. M.: "Can't, old man. Goin' away for the week-end  
 again." - Punch.

I knowed the old sheep range was  
 lambin'.  
 I'd lingered there too late:  
 The homesteader must have his  
 way -  
 'Tis in the book of fate.  
 So when the mornin' broke again  
 I slung a bag of truss talk  
 And me and Mr. Nester talked  
 And drank of friendship juice.  
 He let the sheep hand have its fill,  
 And then I said good-bye.  
 And trailed the herd, with old Sheep's  
 To some more friendly sky.  
 Where are we goin' well that's  
 hard  
 It stumps me I confess:  
 There ain't no place that welcomes  
 lambs.  
 But old Wall Street, I guess.  
 - Arthur Chapman.

## Music and Dama.

The Empire bill of attractions has  
 been pleasing large audiences this  
 week. Temple and O'Brien feature  
 as comedy singers and dancers  
 handle their act cleverly and grace-  
 fully; while the Marathon comedy  
 Four proved to be an excellent quar-  
 tette. W. S. Kealy, the Whistling  
 Kid; the Bellepoint Sisters, Parisian  
 Modistes; the Thelma Devreux Co. all  
 presented entertaining acts.

## AT THE EDMONTON OPERA HOUSE

The social event of the season will  
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 Lerouge, the noted pianist at the  
 Edmonton Opera House. March the  
 30th. In conjunction with her will  
 appear our noted Edmonton singer,  
 Miss Ethel Webster, and F. Bar-  
 mont, violinist. The Calgary Herald  
 says of Miss Lerouge: "Miss Jenny  
 Lerouge, a mistress of the piano is  
 in Calgary and gave a very success-  
 ful recital last evening. Miss  
 Lerouge was made heartily welcome  
 in Ottawa last winter by the leading  
 society. She gave a series of recitals  
 under the patronage of Lady Grey  
 and Lady Laurier. After studying  
 at the Lille Conservatory, France,  
 she completed her musical education  
 under the direction of the famous  
 Kara Chatterleyn of Berlin. Miss  
 Lerouge, although quite young, is a  
 marvellous performer, and it is  
 impossible to hear this great artist  
 without emotion. She has been  
 called "The Young Queen of the  
 Piano," and the title is well merited.  
 We mention that Miss Lerouge  
 has been engaged to give some con-  
 certs at various pleasure resorts  
 during the summer but intends  
 returning to Calgary next winter.

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**A. M. STEWART, Manager Edmonton Branch**  
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### ASPIRATIONS.

By L. Frank Tooker.  
Give me the fruit of some laureled glade  
And soft hand-clappings of the friendly trees,  
Then shall my spirit, burrowing in ease,  
And armed with peace, go forth all unafraid,  
Fresh from its nevelode,  
So shall I, walking in that lonely place,  
In splendor watch the silent stars go by,  
And feel the influence of the tranquil sky  
Blossom in hopes and hopes, until God's face  
Shall shine there for a space.  
The silence of night twilights there shall mould  
Such stately highways to the glowing west  
That I shall pass, like one on holy quest,  
And see the sacred cup, where clouds unfold,  
Wrought of hope's coined gold.  
The days shall pass like sober men-at-arms  
Who, battles over and their warfare done,  
With chin on hand sit drowsing in the sun,  
Dreaming of knightly fields and old alarms.  
Now sheltered from war's harms,  
Then some fair dawn across the lifted hill  
The wind shall call like a gray trumpeter,  
And straight my heart leap up to meet the star,  
And something whisper: "If you would but will,  
All things might be yours still."  
The wind at dawn still brings the hope that stirred  
The sad-eyed sailor who, with steadfast brow,  
First dared the unknown seas with western prow,  
Then soul leaps to its good, as homing bird  
Sees its straight path unblurred.  
Keen grows the vision then, the inward look  
That measures gain and balances each loss  
Then shall the soul accept no luring dross,  
And one small patch of sky glassed in its lavac  
Preach more than bell or book

These early Spring days never return but again the old feeling takes possession of me. I am in love with the West.  
I can remember it all quite distinctly three years ago. That first winter I was weighing the new land in the balances, the old home in Ontario with its comforts and attractions against this new, with its lacks. And then one day when I was sick at heart for my old love I rose early and from my bed-room window high above the stores on the main street I drank my first draught of a Western spring, felt the hopes of that wonderful sunrise, heard the early stir on Jasper Ave., and I sat down to breakfast content for the first time.  
I have said I felt it with the sunrise and the uplift of the air, but most of all I experienced it with the love of my kind, of those early stirrers on the street who had come out as I had to seek fortune and a home in the West. There they went: this man to a warehouse, another to the factory, boys on delivery wagons, girls to their offices, each in their way striving to "make good on their own," so to speak. The later crowds, it comes to me very clearly, always accentuated this feeling. The little families out to size up the town, to ask the way to this real estate office or that "to get a key"—home-seeking you could see at a glance, every one of them with the light of hope in his eyes.  
Already again this Spring chapter of life repeats itself. Away are speeding the prairie schooners to take advantage of the last sleighing. Again interesting, and interested, family groups line the streets. Soon the clang, clang, clang of the hammers will begin to take up the strain of work and noise and history-making home-building; outside my windows pussy willows shove furry tails from glistening bursting buds—the triumph of an exquisite spring—is in the air.

The Man suggested it though the idea is wild enough to have emanated from a woman. "Supposing," he paused, as if weighing the tremendousness of the idea before imparting it, "supposing that just for a week we could all cast aside our masks, tell the absolute truth as to our likes, and preferences, could live as our fancy dictates, be honest as to our affections and friend hips?"  
"Enough," said I. "Are you losing your head?"  
But between us, now, "just supposing."  
Would you cut me to-morrow and would I ever again trouble myself about you?  
"Would you run your husband by extravagant dressing for the mere love of the pretty clothes themselves, if say all other men were sent to luncheon?"  
"Could calling be as much in vogue, and children as much neglected?"  
Would you spend hours arranging puffs and rills to be fashionable, or would you walk to town with your hair in a pigtail?  
"Would so many men come forward at the corner's dictation of their friends?" or would every, or any, man covet positions in so-called high places?"  
"Who would go to church, who stay at home?"  
How many men would acknowledge that societies and committees and Ho rds, etc., bored them to distraction, and all that they wanted was home and a quiet life?  
"How many who now denounce 'Society' would rush in and how many who are at present in, would make for the door?"  
What should we do with those people who now pain us with their musical efforts, and bore us with their deadly dull society?"  
How many yes's that are now no's, would we utter?  
Whom would we style "clever," and how many men and women in the (time)light would go up in a squiff?  
Fashionable monstrosities whence would they disappear, and hum bugs of clubs and organizations where go to?  
Would I be kinder, or emerge a primitive, selfish beast?  
Should I insist on living in a smart neighborhood or stride out for solid comfort where prices and land were within my means?  
In short have you ever considered how many desirable, sensible, and charming things one might do, could and would do, with no real injury to anyone, yet dare not do, because—idiotic grease. Mrs. C. Grandly would raise her lorgnette, or in other words the conventional world of you, would look askance, and for business or social reasons one can't just afford to.

Have you ever considered the number, whose pride now keeps them warm, would acknowledge themselves cold? Do you think of the great host who line their shelves with Thomas a Kempis who would be found to have the midnight oil pouring over "Life's Shop Window?"  
My dear, my dear, of course you do, and so do I, but we keep up our noses to the sky, The mask that wastes so much of life and love and things worth while. So shall we probably do until the end, And yet some day—some to-morrow when I shall turn a continental whether school keeps or not, when to be a nine days wonder will not give me a heartache's pause, I am going to be myself to do as I like, say what I honest, and live a healthy, normal, sane and may we not hope, righteous life? Where be the other Philistines?"

THE TYRANNY OF SISTERHOOD.  
I am indebted to Miss Seton Thompson for permission to publish the following clever little sketch, which is a sample of her own interesting literary work. As women I am sure we can appreciate Mrs. Hubble's apprehensions, while Charles MUST demand the sympathy of every eligible young man.

Scene: Pretty drawing room. Time, 11 in the morning.  
Mrs. Hubble, aged about 40, handsome, portly and prosperous, is flicking with a tiny duster at some Crown Derby and Sevres.

"Telephone rings."  
"Oh dear," there's that bothersome 'phone. I suppose I must answer it."  
Trails slowly into hall and replies crossly: "Well, No, I don't know if Mr. Rich is in or not. I'm sure I don't know where he is. You'll ring up again? VERY well."

Return to the drawing room. "It's that horrid Burns girl. I recognize her voice. The frontony of her DAR-ING to call up my brother Charles, and in my house too. She knows I can't hear her. Really the girls now-a-days. It seems to me they do all the rushing. I'll mention it to Charles when he comes down."

Enter Charles languidly. He is about 20, and is tall, elegant and good-looking. He carries a bundle of magazines under his arm. From the depth of an arm chair he proceeds to listlessly turn over the pages of the Scientific American.  
(Continued on page 7)

## FRESH BY DESIGN....

It is our constant aim and policy to turn out fresh, delicious candies in such quantities that always no matter what you want, you'll get what you want when you want it. If you buy from us, And it certainly will be fresh.

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Better attention than ever can now be given to customers on account of increased room and facilities.

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Your inspection is invited

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Life since its commencement has been

only 50 per cent. of the death loss

which was to be expected according to

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Truth is the cardinal principle back of every line we publish regarding our store and goods.

It is unnecessary to make this statement to those familiar with our place of business. The increasing preference shown proves this and is a tribute to our principles which we truly appreciate. We want your business.

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Alterations in our show rooms are now complete, and our

### New Styles

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### Pauline

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## Thompson

## LADIES' WEAR

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## Tub Dresses

for

## CHILDREN

Children's dress is a subject that is big and broad and trying to you at times just to know what and how to make up something that has style and durability.

You ought to learn more about our children's dresses.

We stand ready to show you.

The materials used are children's materials, the designs, patterns and colors are for children.

The cutting and fitting are for children.

The factory we get these goods from keep

machines buzzing, minds occupied, and fingers busy for children only.

It will pay you to look these over before you

JUDGE THEM

Make Comparisons bring your children and try them on. Then we

feel sure you will be on our list as a

Satisfied Customer for

Children's Wear

Children's Dresses, made from blue and white checked

precut, French Style, nicely

trimmed with piping, sizes 4

to 8 years.

Special at \$1.25

Children's Dresses, made of

pink and blue striped zephyr

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Children's Dresses, made of

50 only, Flanellette Gowns,

white and blue, only, ages from

3 to 10 years.

Special at 40c.

## Jasper's Note Book

A Weekly Tale  
of  
Two Cities

The sign "Alberta and Great Waterways Railway" over an office building on Jasper Avenue makes us realize that what has been a long-cherished dream is soon to become an actuality. Possibly even Mr. Bennett, after he attends a few sessions of the Legislature in Edmonton, will come to appreciate the significance not only to this city but to the whole of Alberta of the opening up of the great north country. What has been written about it applies mostly to the territory along the great streams. This fact gives additional interest to a report which Mr. H. A. Conroy, the treaty commissioner, has just published telling of a 200 mile trip inland which he made to Watiskaw Lake and River, that is into the country lying between the Peace River and Edmonton.

"Instead," he says, "of the long stretches of muskeg which we had expected to meet we found the country to be of the very best, four-fifths of it fit for agriculture, and with many patches of good timber, chiefly along the river banks. It is certainly the greatest hay country I ever saw. We went through miles of it on horseback where the hay, a fine blue joint, averaged four feet as we passed. It was five, six and seven feet high with a dense accumulation of cured grass at the bottom. I dug about six feet into the soil to test its quality and found it was no soil. It was just successive layers of decomposed vegetation running down into loose rice mould. The whole country parlike in appearance numerous lakes, five and six miles long, with high sloping banks, and miles and miles of poplar wood growth in the forest of the lakes. I may mention, are full of excellent fish. On the Watiskaw 'mountains', as the natives call them, although they are in reality nothing more than a series of hills, there is quite a heavy growth of very good spruce. There is no better country than this for mixed farming in all the Canadian North West. It is 200 miles north of Edmonton, but still very far south of Fort Vermilion, on the Peace River, where the Hudson Bay Company has erected a modern mill. At Lake Watiskaw this summer saw fine tomatoes red-ripe on the vines."

Edmonton people who had the good fortune to meet Inspector Pelletier and his detachment of Mounted Police before they started out from the city last May on their hazardous trip through the unknown north have been intensely interested in the reports which the Winnipeg newspapers have published giving some of the details. That appreciates what an undertaking it was, it is necessary to get down a map and follow their route. They travelled by "the great waterways" to Great Slave Lake and then east by way of Baker Lake to Chesterfield Inlet, back over a part of the route and on to Cape Fullerton, finally reaching Fort Churchill. One of the company met his death, Sergt. Fullerton, who, while out in a dinghy near Cape Fullerton, was attacked by a herd of walrus and killed. When Inspector Pelletier's report is issued by the Government, it will prove about as interesting a blue-book as there is on record. A statement of the truth about Canada, as furnished by the Mounted Police in plain, unvarnished fashion, makes much better reading than all the productions of "Canada fakers." It is understood that Inspector Pelletier and his men made large discoveries of mineral wealth, which should make Alberta more anxious than ever to get into easy touch with the hinterland.

A well-known accountant, Mr. Kenist, by name, is writing a series of papers for the Monetary Times on municipal accounts which should have a good effect. He lays emphasis on a point that I have brought out from time to time in this department. Anyone who has studied municipal affairs must realize how strong the tendency is in connection with municipal ownership, to overlook and under-estimate the fact of depreciation in determining whether a plant pays or not. Everyone connected with the city administration wants to make a good showing. Certain figures are announced, which show a large profit, the papers come out with big headings

and the average citizen exclaims that it is a great thing for a city to own the great utilities. We all know how this goes in Edmonton. In fact Mr. Kenist uses this city as an illustration, quoting the auditor's report for 1908 as follows:

"The decision of the council not to charge depreciation to the revenues of the department has had considerable effect upon the result for the financial period just closed."

The revenue accounts show surpluses as follows:  
Light: Surplus for 1908 \$3,117.39  
Water: Net surplus at \$2,111.48

Telephone: Net surplus to date \$7,913.68

"If depreciation had been charged to revenue the result of the year's working would have been a considerable loss in each department, as follows:  
Light \$4,131.25  
Water \$13,660.90  
Telephone \$1,160.19

These last figures convey a vastly different idea to the minds of the ratepayers than those published in the newspapers do.

And why shouldn't depreciation be considered? Every private corporation makes a big allowance for it and in the case of a municipality, where there is what amounts to a complete change of management every year or so, with new ideas being introduced and old ones discarded, it is a bigger factor still. Depreciation, it should be remembered, means more than actual wear and tear. Mr. Kenist goes on to say:

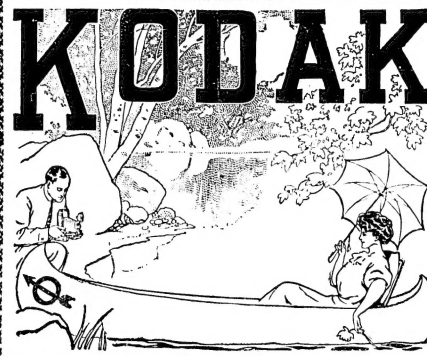
"The period for which the loans or debentures are issued is a matter of considerable importance, and it is equally necessary to know, or what class of undertaking each loan has been spent. The average life of a plant and machinery is so different for various purposes that without this knowledge it cannot be judged whether the life of the plant is equivalent to the length of the loan, or whether it is advisable or necessary to provide an additional fund for renewals, amortization, etc. in order to avoid the issue of overlapping loans."

For instance, with respect to loans for electrical undertakings, IT IS NOT SO MUCH A QUESTION OF THE LENGTH OF TIME FOR WHICH THE PLANT COULD BE USED AS THE LENGTH OF TIME FOR WHICH IT CAN BE ECONOMICALLY USED. A small municipality may start with, say, two engines of 50 horsepower each. In two or three years they have put in additional engines of 100 or 200 horse-power, and in five or six years further engines of 500 or 600 horsepower. In the meantime the size of the town and the load to be supplied has so increased that it no longer pays to operate the small units at all, because the larger and more efficient engines can be fully loaded, but the original loan has been issued for, say, twenty years, or perhaps considerably more, and the interest and sinking fund must continue to be paid concurrently with that on the new loans, of which a part covers machinery for the same purpose. This process may be repeated owing to the growth of the town or growth of the demand several times over during the period of repayment for the first loans, with the result that capital charges are eventually being paid concurrently on several loans covering to a large extent the same purpose, and the undertaking becomes swamped with the capital charges, which often very considerably exceed the operating cost.

"It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that in the case of growing towns the question of antiquity or suppression of the plant is of considerably more vital importance than its life, in such cases plant and machinery seldom have a chance to complete its life; it is more often sold at a loss or 'scrapped,' because it has become inadequate to the requirements while still comparatively new."

I make this lengthy quotation because, as everyone must recognize, it has particular application to the case of Edmonton. There is absolutely no object to be gained by letting the citizens think that their public utilities are showing better results than they actually are.

It is to be hoped there will be no delay in reaching a decision regarding the bridge project. The question has been trifled with altogether too long. Whether the C. P. R. comes in or not, the two cities should go on with their plans for a separate structure. The estimates submitted a week or so ago make one wonder



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why negotiations for the construction of a traffic deck on the railway bridge were ever entered into. If they are correct, we can have a much more satisfactory structure, at a cost to the public practically the same as would have been contributed to the C. P. R. Scheme. Every month that goes by under present conditions increases the peril and inconvenience under which inter-city traffic is carried on and the situation is one that calls for the speediest action. If the city authorities don't know what is the best line to proceed on by this time after so many years of talk, they are in a

bad way.

There is another civic matter which stands in a different position. I refer to the question of the site for the new civic hospital. Till a few weeks ago it was generally understood that it would go up, out at Nineteenth street on the property purchased some years ago for the purpose. Then an agitation arose against that site and all sorts of dire threats were made about what would happen in case the board adhered to its intention. They were evidently too much for the members of that body, and they began to talk about selling the site.

Then, it seems, a proposition was made to place the structure over the University grounds in Strathcona, with the object of having it become a great Provincial hospital in connection with a medical faculty, which will undoubtedly spring into existence some time not many years hence. Some favored going on with this project immediately, others having temporary improvements made to the facilities on this side of the river with the object of going on with the bigger scheme when the time was ripe. How far these ideas went the general public is still in ignorance. All it knows is that the hospital board was again pounced down upon and told that if they yielded to the new suggestion certain parties, considered influential, wouldn't have anything to do with the institution in the future. At any rate now they are considering a site somewhere in the Hudson's Bay reserve, north of the C. N. R. track.

But before definite decision is reached wouldn't it be well for those who have formed the different propositions to place their views fully before the citizens, so that they may have an opportunity of considering the claims of each. I would not particularly like to hear from the medical men, who should be in the best position to afford guidance in the matter. During the past week some of them have issued a formal statement, but it was nothing more than a list of what they thought a site somewhere in Strathcona was the best. At the same time those who hold contrary views should also take the pains to enter into their confidence.

Some of those who have taken their stand against the Strathcona proposal are trying to work on local prejudice. "The idea," they exclaim, "of putting the building in another town and leaving Edmonton without a hospital." Isn't that line of argument somewhat out of date? With high level connections and adequate street car service, the two cities must become one and it is on the Strathcona side that the best sites for public buildings will be found, for reasons that have been set forth before. Undoubtedly there is the question to consider whether the advantage of being closer to the centre of population outweighs that of attractive surroundings. Also there is the problem as to what would be gained by being in close touch with a medical faculty. But let us discuss these on their merits. Don't let us talk about Edmonton and Strathcona, or about east or west or north ends, as if certain locations should be supported apart

from the general advantages which they offer. We want the hospital placed where it will best serve the purposes for which it exists. Those who jump into the discussion with an exclamation that unless their particular ideas are adopted, they will be losing to be the scheme along, and better be told that if that is the measure of their interest in it, they might just as well suspend their activity right away. They have confidence in the hospital board and would be quite willing to leave the decision in their hands, after all that has been thrown upon the details of the different proposals. What is required at the present juncture is more complete information and a more reasonable spirit on the part of many who are mixing up in the discussion.

### NEXT WEEK AT THE EMPIRE

For the week of March 20th, Manager Kyle has provided a list of attractions that will eclipse anything as yet offered at the new Edmonton movie theatre play-house. The Calgary criticism of next week's bill, is as follows:

That Manager Kyle has fulfilled his promise to give the vaudeville lovers of Calgary the best that is obtainable, was the unanimous verdict of those who were fortunate enough to get seats last night. The capacity audience as they filed out gave many expressions of delight and it is safe to say that this week will see the highest crowd at each performance. It is hard to pick the headline attraction as all the acts are so good, and draw round after round of applause. The Sharrocks, a clever pair, are seen in "Nonsense and Second Sight." Their act is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary on the vaudeville stage, and depends entirely upon the originality and cleverness of the pair. Their act ascends from the ridiculous to a high state of sublimity, and wins many a hearty laugh.

Rivalling the headliners are Carrio and Duhague, in one of the most pleasing musical turns ever seen in Calgary. Miss Carrio, who is a Juno in physical charms, made a robust "Buster," while Miss Duhague, who is demure and piquant, cried for her doll as if she really meant it. The neatness of the costumes, the enjoyable singing, and fine appearance of the young ladies, won them much of applause which was truly deserved.

One of the most pleasing acts that has been seen here is that of the Travolvas. They are billed as hoop rollers extraordinary and they certainly fill the bill. Their juggling and hoop rolling shows the result of constant practice, and the high state of perfection a clever pair can reach. Mr. Travolva's work with opera hats is particularly clever while his partner is such a close

second as to make distinction difficult.

Knight and Benson have a new array of songs and the way they are rendered, immediately places them among the good ones. Miss Benson's singing is so beautifully clear, as to make her hosts of friends, and it is safe to say that she will be heard of later.

The balance of the bill is exceptionally good, the new song being catchy and the motion pictures funny.

The Empire Orchestra has a very pretty overture, in "O'Brien" by Weber and it is sufficient to say, that if it is as good as its previous work, it will meet the hearty approval of the audience.

Altogether the bill is a most attractive one, and should make a new record for attendance at our popular play-house.

### Royal Arcanum

On Monday night last, in the Mechanics Hall, Third street, a most enthusiastic institutional meeting was held of Edmonton Council No. 94 of the Royal Arcanum Fraternal Benefit Society. The charter list, which included the names of thirty new members and seven old members from the western provinces and the States, was closed in due form.

The following officers of the new council were duly elected.

Bro. W. J. Jackson, Regent  
Bro. P. Charlebois, Vice-regent  
Bro. J. C. Wolf, Orator  
Bro. J. A. Down, Past Regent  
Bro. J. B. Mackay, Secretary  
Bro. C. M. Hudson, Collector  
Bro. F. P. Newson, Treasurer  
Bro. T. Pearce, Chaplain  
Bro. H. P. Burrell, Guide  
Bro. P. J. Smith, Warden  
Bro. S. R. P. Ellis, Sentry

The ceremony of instituting Edmonton Council was very ably performed by James Luckwood, Deputy Supreme Regent, assisted by Bro. Geo. Haefner, in the capacity of acting installing guide.

All information regarding



**THE SCENIC ROUTE**  
To the East.  
Via St. Paul and Duluth, Chicago and the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.  
Includes: Tourist, Value of money, Roadside, Food, Time, Weather, Entertainment, Travelled, Driving Car Service, Continuous Employment, and much more. The scenic route is the most comfortable, and the highest state of perfection a clever pair can reach. Mr. Travolva's work with opera hats is particularly clever while his partner is such a close

this new council will be gladly furnished on request by the secretary, 619 Heinicke street, or the collector, 38 Wize block, Jasper W.

## EMPIRE THEATRE

3rd Street, Just North of Jasper Avenue  
MODERN VAUDEVILLE  
PHONE 1411 - 216

WEEK COMMENCING  
MONDAY, MAR. 29

A Sure-Hit Bill.  
"THE SHARROCKS"  
"Nonsense and Second Sight."  
"CARRIO & DUHAGUE"  
Singin', Dancin', and Impassioned.  
"MACDONALD & HURLBURT"  
Scotch pipes and dances.  
"ARTHUR GRAHAM"  
Latest picture medley.  
"KNIGHT & BENSON"  
Comedy sketch "What is it."  
"THE TRAVOLVAS"  
Hoop rollers extraordinary.  
"NINA CLAIRE"  
Vocalists.  
"THE KINETOSCOPES"  
"Empire" moving pictures.  
"EMPIRE ORCHESTRA"  
Director - - - - - Thus Irving  
"O'Brien" "O'Brien", Weber.

PRICES  
Evening, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c  
Matinee, 10c, 20c, 25c  
Seats must be reserved by phoning 2165  
Box office open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

## \$50.00

To be  
Given Away

We want a name to use as a brand for a new breakfast food we are preparing to place on the market. To the person sending us what we consider the most fitting name we will pay \$25.00 in cash.

Anyone can submit as many names as they wish. The only requirement is that you send with each name one guarantee coupon which you will find in every bag of Ritehe's Hungarian Patent Flour.

Competition closes the first of April, 1909.

This breakfast food is made from the purest of wheat, finely flaked and sterilized, requiring only a few minutes cooking to make a delicious porridge, containing all the material needed in a digestible form for nourishing the human body and gratifying the palate.

Every 35 pound bag of Ritehe's Hungarian Patent Flour contains one Orange Guarantee Coupon, and every 49 pound bag one Red Guarantee Coupon. We will give \$15 in cash for the largest number of Orange Guarantee Coupons, and \$10 in cash for the largest number of Red Guarantee Coupons returned to us by any one person by April 1, 1909.

Ritehe's Hungarian Patent is an excellent flour for light, white, newly flavored bread, biscuits, and buns. Ask your grocer for it, and have a trial for one or all of our prizes.

None of our employees or those in any way connected with the company will be permitted to enter into the competition.

EDMONTON MILLING CO  
STRATHCONA

## Pictures and Frames BELOW COST

Clearing Sale of Entire Stock  
of Framed and Unframed Pictures to make room  
for new goods

For 10 Days  
Commencing  
Saturday, March 27th

R. H. GRAVES CO., 526 JASPER W.  
Wize Block, Edmonton



## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

The Meat Business formerly conducted by E. Tomlinson at 354 Jasper Avenue, opposite the Alberta Hotel, will from this date be known as

## The Metropolitan Meat Market

All Meats sold will be Government Inspected, which will insure to you a standard of quality equal to any in the city. Our system of doing business will be

All Cash—No Credit—  
Same Price to all.

We feel confident the public will see the point, viz., by doing away with the credit system and no delivery, the business can be operated at just one half of the expense; therefore we can supply you with the same quality of meat at a much lower price and still have a fair margin of profit for our investment.

Restaurants and Boarding Houses should take advantage of this proposition.

We will deliver free all orders amounting to One Dollar and over.

Yours respectfully,  
GEORGE DENNIS, Manager  
The Metropolitan Market. Phone 1315



## IMPORTANT

## Two Days Auction Sale

## Updown House

Cor. Victoria and Second Street

Tuesday, March 30

at 2 o'clock, and

Wednesday, Mar. 31

at 2 o'clock.

Mitchell & Reed have received instructions to sell by public auction

Superior Household Furnishings being contents of above premises

On View Saturday and Monday. Take street car to Reed's Bazaar and then go one block south.

For List of Furniture see Bulletin, Journal, and Town Topics.

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IN THE  
ATHLETIC  
WORLD

An always interesting subject, that of British sport and its relation to British character has been under discussion in Scribner's Magazine. Part of the article runs:

"There is not the smallest doubt but that their education (moral and physical) through sport is one of the most saliently distinctive features of their civilization. Their worship and training of the body by playing games seriously and taking sport seriously has provided them with calmness, steadiness and fearlessness all their own. The nation which presides over the destiny of one-fifth of the inhabitants of the globe spends over two hundred millions annually for sport, and has besides as much more invested on that account."

Indeed, it ascribes to this factor a major share in forming the characteristic qualities and in producing the characteristic feats of the nation. Its level headed expansion and dominion abroad as well as its freedom at home from class wars, demagogism, feverish art and other evils. Some such opinion is so commonly expressed nowadays that it deserves serious, says a writer in the New York World.

"It has been stated," he points out, "by a native writer that history will adjudge England's principal contribution to civilization to be not representative government, trial by jury, freedom of the press or literature, but athletics and sports. This order of ideas seems to betray an excessive preoccupation with the moment. England is undoubtedly at present a fountainhead and large exporter of certain games, which she was the first to organize on an elaborate scale and to provide with solemn codes. She is also to-day a very cosmopolitan centre, resorted to by many nationalities, for such outdoor pursuits as horse racing, polo, coursing, yachting, fox hunting, coaching, and even for fishing and shooting of a 'titled' quality, fashionable quality, but neither of these facts is of long standing; they scarcely date back half a century. They are contemporarily important and impressive; but what can they have to do with the formation of English character, which had its broad outline stamped upon it some five centuries ago, before any of these now conspicuous games or sports existed?"

"No doubt the people exercised themselves out of doors informally from early times, as the shepherd boasts of himself in Barend's 'Elogues,' published in 1508: I runne, I wrestle, I can well throw the barre;

No shepherd throweth the axle-tree so farre;

If I were merry, I could well leape and spring;

I were a man mete to serve a prince or king.

"The village greens were acquainted with such lusty diversions: others followed the chase and others twanged the bow. But there is nothing to prove that the English originally paid any more attention to natural outdoor pursuits than other European people did, the Germans or Danes for instance; nothing to support the contention that English games have played any distinctive part from far back history in 'tempering the will and mind' of the people. That idea would appear to be an anachronism caused by the contemporary international prominence of those games.

"It may be remarked that even at present in England herself these sports and games have much more restricted role than is sometimes asserted and than perhaps might be inferred from their importance in international relations. The writer in Scribner's reckons that on certain days in the high flood of the season one person in every twenty-seven among adult males attends a football game. He bases his estimate on gate receipts; but as players do not pay it refers only to 'fans'—and what moral or physical

betterment shall the 'fans' gain from his 'fanning'? Our essayist gives also a prodigious table of expenditures on sports, which works out at about ten dollars a head for every man, woman and child. But besides being purely modern, three-quarters of this extravagance must be credited to a very small wealthy class, and a good deal of the remainder to the well to do.

"The first eight items in his list, hunting, racing, yachting, shooting, fishing, coursing, coaching and polo, have nothing to do with the great bulk of the population. Moreover, this expenditure is by no means entirely British; it includes very large contributions from Americans, Russians, French, and other foreigners, who have adopted Great Britain as the world's fashionable playground de-luxe. A good deal of the money given to rowing, cricket and football comes from the universities and upper class schools. To speak of an 'almost universal participation' of the contemporary islanders in these diversions is in truth sadly ironical. One may ask, too, what 'moral schooling,' what 'tempering of the mind and will,' some of the costliest of these sports afford to nine-tenths of even the limited set who maintain them—horse racing, for instance, or coursing, or Cowes yachting? 'Blatant' shooting again seems less likely to produce such results than the stoking of an engine might be.

"This view obstinately puts the cart before the horse. The English are characterized by animal vigor and a strong sense of law and order. Their country was the first to be industrialized, and so spoiled for natural sport. In these circumstances their vigor and sense of law and order expressed themselves in organizing as a pastime and in codifying, so to speak, artificial games and sports. Hence their contemporary eminence; they have been the pioneers of artificial games and sports. As other parts of the world have become similarly industrialized and cramped they have adopted these hygienic remedies the more readily because the leisured country living gentry of England have conferred on them an attractive social prestige serving as a powerful advertisement."

Talk is once again heard of the formation of an Alberta Cricket League. As readers of this column will remember, the subject is one I have kept to the fore for some years. Such a league would have been formed at Red Deer two years ago but that a late snowstorm came along and caused the postponement of a game between Edmonton and Calgary in that town, which was to have been the occasion of bringing the organization into existence. It would be a fine thing to get cricket on a good basis in the province, but only those who have had any active association with the game know how hard it is to make progress. A game which stands for sport, pure and simple, is up against a hard proposition in competing for public favor with sport commercialized.

The Edmonton golf club is looking to an active season. At the annual meeting the reports were very encouraging, the year beginning with a fair-sized surplus and prospects of a largely increased membership. The following officers have been chosen: President, A. R. Seehle; vice president, Dr. C. N. Goldbert; secretary-treasurer, J. H. Von Hanz; executive committee, J. L. Bell, Sidney B. Woods, A. P. Chittell, A. B. Watt, and E. C. Bowker.

Baseball promises to take on a new lease of life in the city. Manager McGuire is a man in whom the directors have great confidence and should be able to get together a team that will be a credit to Edmonton. The year's officers are: President, Frank M. Gray; vice president, Frank E. Goode; secretary-treasurer, John Hewar; auditor, W. A. Michael; board of directors, the officers of the club together with L. Goodridge, A. M. Stewart and E. H. Garrison.

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Vermilion is the first eastern divisional point of the Canadian Northern Railway 132 miles from Edmonton.

Already an additional railway, a branch of the C.N.R., is scheduled to run north from this growing town and construction is to begin almost immediately. In addition there is under consideration the building of a further line running south to Wainwright, and its actual construction is only a matter of time.

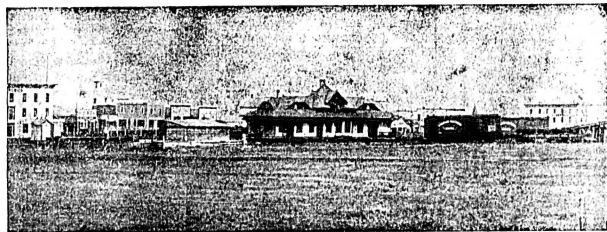
There are not enough fair-sized comfortable houses in Vermilion today. As the summer advances this present demand will increase. A house erected on the Pilkie subdivision will rent almost before it is finished, and with the advent of building operations on the new branch of the C.N.R., houses will be in great demand.

This is a real town, a live place, not a picture on a blue print, but a growing town, filled with wide-awake, vigorous, hustling Canadians who have the same ambition to see their community increase in size and population as any community in this western country.

And the reasons for its growth are operating today—right now—not in some indefinite, intangible time in the future.

If you want to share in this growth, if you want a safe, genuine, investment, the Pilkie subdivision is that investment.

## NOTE THE PHOTO



This photo was taken from a corner lot in the Pilkie estate

The Pilkie Estate is inside the town limits less than 200 yards from the Canadian Northern railway station. It is situated on two main government roads, one on the north side and the other on the east side of the property.

As will be seen the great value of the subdivision as an investment is its central location. It is situated right in the town, not at some considerable distance away from things; and that location is right in the west end in that portion of the corporation where, in almost every instance, a city first grows, viz., the west end.

The lots are high and dry and already a number of residents have been built on the subdivision; thus assuring positively the definite growth of this part of Vermilion.

For a "new" investment, something alive with immediate possibilities and not packed away in the far off future, you should write me about a Pilkie subdivision.

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## The Alberta Way

By Splitah

It has been the object, during its three years of existence, of the Alberta Government to cultivate an Alberta Way, trying to deal out even-handed justice to all old-timers and new-comers alike irrespective of creed, race, religion or any other diversity. Now this phrase "The Alberta Way" contains a world of meaning and is capable of manifold interpretations; but the one we know it is intended to mean is that Albertans do, and will, we hope, continue to take the shortest cut to attain to any method of procedure or legislation that will redound to the credit and immediate benefit of all who live within the borders of Alberta or inside the Dominion of Canada.

This is a great thing, the immediate benefit of which can hardly be realized by a casual glance or thought, to have acquired a banner which is also a star to work up to, set brilliantly before us at the commencement of our career. A name was needed in a new Province, just starting afresh to grapple with problems of by-gone centuries, but not so much a name was needed as a policy with a name that could be held aloft as a guide to our faltering footsteps as we struggle upwards. The Alberta Way, comprehensively thought out, is an ideal with a substance that we can work up to, the greatest good to the greatest number in the shortest time possible.

Whether we will or not, shafts of humanity from all climes, races of different creeds, and individuals of all sorts will drift within our borders. Our object and duty, as well as our best policy should be to assimilate the best of all that comes to us and weld it into the Alberta Way. Most civilized countries through travel and intercourse, as well as by the help of literature, are coming to understand each other better and the best men and women of all these countries are working towards a common goal to the betterment of the lot of humanity. Therefore, though we receive a heterogeneous mass of humanity, if we have an ideal, a set policy, a motto that impregnates our ideal for the best of the people to fall in line with, and help to work up to, then as soon as they grasp the policy they are falling into position along with us and are a constant source of gathering strength.

**CULTIVATING A COMMON PRIDE**  
As there are not any two of us old residents alike, and as there are not any two of those coming into the country alike, it behooves us to have a policy or a creed that leads to a common goal, that will keep us all working along in the same direction. The success of the result will lead us into cultivating a pride in our own way that will form amongst us a discipline, that will compel those coming along later also to fall into the ranks and march onward in the progress of humanity in the Alberta Way.

Unconsciously the emigrant from the Old Country may be a pessimist in his way, moulded by the circumstances that surrounded him. A change in conditions alters the individual bodily and mentally, so while he is transforming from the chrysalis into the full blown butterfly, or from the grub stage into the working bee, he should create such conditions that our new found unity should awake in an atmosphere replete with "the spirit of the hive," the Alberta way leading on and ever upward to a more perfect state for humanity as a whole while resident on this earth.

The responsibility as to the future of this great Province is immense and lies heavily upon our shoulders; but the more the weight is distributed the less the burden falls upon all and the greater the result. Great bodies move slowly, the greater the body the more slowly would it be inclined to move. Thus a false step taken now may multiply in intensity as our body grows larger, and to retrace our steps when wrong will be more difficult as we add each unit to the mass.

**A BREATH OF VIEW NEEDED**  
To realize our ideal of the Alberta Way we shall have to rely upon the good sense and judgment of the broadest minded men and women in each creed or mode of thought,

latitude in method if pointed in the right direction should achieve the result to be aimed at; bigotry, intolerance or narrow-minded methods will only tend to disintegrate and set us drifting on many roads running in different directions. There would seem to be no real reason why goodness should be tyrannical, or that those professing to be better than their neighbors should put these latter in bondage. Where the aim is the same the result might be attained by differences in method if exercised upon the same force. When we acknowledge to ourselves that this Alberta is ours, our country to make or mar, then shall we gain in pride or swell at the thought that it is a better place in which to live than many another to which previous residents were attached. The main idea that Alberta is simply a new field to exploit, a place in which to make money then leave for more congenial and advanced surroundings, is a sordid way of trying to work out the Alberta Way. Concentrated effort and work with a purpose should, in a short time, make of Alberta a place where our material blessings are as great, or greater, than in any other country, and, by cultivating the Alberta Way in its true spirit, these will be enjoyed by a larger portion of our own people than would have been possible in the countries from which they came. As a business proposition of itself we can have no better advertisement.

We seem to need a concentrated idea in which all may share, no matter what their walk in life, so that each individual bit of business, each individual act in any line should be better done than in any other land when done in the Alberta Way. The better each individual act is done the better for all. If each man sweeps in front of his own house each morning the pavement along the whole street is soon cleaned. The better the seed grain sown by each individual farmer the better the whole crop. Nothing is too good for the Alberta Way, so make the world acknowledge that an Alberta brand upon anything produced here guarantees it to be of the best.

**VILIFICATION SHOULD CEASE**  
The path to the Alberta Way would seem to lie not in criticism alone, nor by constant fault finding and mud slinging, but by each of us improving our ways and methods in our individual life or business. Mud slinging and pessimism, as to humanity, has not cured too many ills in the past, so might not the bestowing of some praise, or placing honor where honor is due, encourage our leaders to conduct us to still better methods and higher results. "It's an ill bird that dirties its own nest." Constant vilification of each other, which at the same time causes distrust of all our methods in many a breast, both old timers and new comers, is not constructive in its tendency nor does it lead to the Alberta Way.

Our Alberta Way must be to raise the standards of everything and teach our young ones from their birth that they have a duty to perform, an ideal to live up to—that is the Alberta Way. The ever present restlessness of the human race, the constantly striving for better things, impel our governing body to greater efforts to ameliorate the lot of humanity as they are spurred on by units in the main body of the population. A greater knowledge of conditions or better knowledge of the laws already upon our statute books, in short a closer study of ourselves and the conditions under which we live, should help us all to forward the good work or mitigate the lot of our fellow man. It is a curious matter to ponder over that a knowledge of the laws of our country, even the most fundamental, have to be acquired in daily life outside of our public schools, and unless a boy intends to become a lawyer, he may live and die without ever reading a solitary act or a chapter of criminal law. The science of government is to the average citizen a something left for some one else to study, and politics, something unclean, need only be handled gingerly with gloves at election times.

Handled in the Alberta Way politics should become the duty of all, and the more the public really mixed in affairs that were for their own good the less would politics, as at present understood, be evident, so good government be ever present with less need for opposing parties wasting each other's time and retarding the progress of the nation. The weakening of party differences or opposition in Alberta should mean, and does mean, a good government advancing hand in hand with the people, a part of the latter temporarily placed in the lead to advance the interest of all to organize and regulate the machine, to steer the front wheels of this machine towards progress and prosperity along the Alberta Way.

To attain this we must all take part, and as we each do our little piece and then turn round, and look to see that others have done their small share, we shall find that what we planned has in large measure been unconsciously accomplished, the good government of this or any other country depends upon the people of the country. If our government is a disgrace to us then we have a disgrace to any country we live in to acquiesce in such conditions. If our government is a good one then we are progressing because this government is a part of ourselves and we a part of the government. If we have a government to condemn then we are as much to blame as the government is for its condemnation.

The Alberta Way will be for each and all of us to do our part, however little, in advancing upon the right road in every line of life that presents itself, raising our standards and ideals while working towards the common good. Removing the burdens from the paths of others as well as clearing away from our own footsteps and building up a country with a future that shall be an inheritance for coming generations to take a keen pride therein and try to emulate. When our young ones are asked by strangers why this is done and why that is done the strangers exclaiming that this is good and that is good, it will be different for these young ones to simply state it is the Alberta Way.

## HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE IN RUSSIA?

Light upon the Russian secret police organization is thrown by a diary kept by Gen. Novitsky, who sits in the centre of a vast police web in Kieff. Parts of this diary he has permitted certain newspaper men to read. A most interesting extract relates the following:  
In 1903 the Terrorists, in conspiracy, condemned Gen. Bogdanovitch, Governor of Ufa, to die. On a certain feast day, one of the most daring and resourceful of the brotherhood, was selected to execute the sentence. Gersiumi was then residing at Kieff, with the family of a tailor, who together with his daughter was apparently a fanatical member of the revolutionary organization. In reality the tailor and his daughter were the loyal agents of the secret police.

Late one night the daughter of the tailor was ushered into the study of the chief of police. She handed him a copy of the death sentence against Gen. Bogdanovitch and a description of the means by which Gersiumi had instructed his colleagues to carry it out.  
Gen. Novitsky rubbed his hands with glee. Without losing a moment he despatched an urgent telegram to M. de Plehve, Minister of the Interior, recounting the facts and demanding that the methods, which he expected in two or three hours, be executed in the forenoon. The telegram ran: "Undertake nothing and no answer came."

"Now for the first time," says the diary, "a suspicion darted through my brain about a grudge-borne by M. de Plehve against Gen. Bogdanovitch."  
"At last a telegraphic reply was handed me. It was ten o'clock in the forenoon. The telegram ran: 'Undertake nothing and no answer came.'"

Gen. Novitsky, using the sharp eyes of the tailor and the tailor's daughter, watched the Terrorists as a cat watches a mouse and forwarded exhaustive accounts of their goings on to M. de Plehve, but no answer came.

Three days before the date fixed for the crime Gen. Novitsky telegraphed to M. de Plehve that the Terrorists had started for Ufa. The four assassins, however, reached Ufa in safety, and on the day fixed they waylaid the Governor, Gen. Bogdanovitch, in a secluded alley of a public garden, killed their victim and retired unmolested,

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## A Girlish Prank

The magic results of an incident at a Montreal dinner party in the early days

More than sixty years ago there came to Montreal a gentleman named Robert F. Sweeney. He was from the North of Ireland and was well connected, bright and intelligent and an accomplished athlete. He joined a fashionable club and took much interest in public affairs. As an after-dinner speaker he had few equals, his sparkling native wit and skillful repartee were greatly enjoyed by those who were privileged to listen to them. His style of living indicated that he was a man of some means. It was known that he was a regular member of the club, and from home, and those who knew said his family were among the best people in Ireland.

One day a misunderstanding arose between two officers at the barracks, where there were quartered a regiment of Welsh Fusiliers. It was decided that they should fight a duel and Sweeney was selected by one of the officers as his second. In arranging the details Sweeney showed an intimate knowledge of duelling, and he then told for the first time that he had been a prisoner in two affairs of the kind in Ireland, in one of which he had seriously wounded his adversary, and that to that misadventure was due his presence in Canada. The affair at the barracks was arranged after an exchange of shots in which neither of the duellists was injured.

About this time there arrived in Montreal a young American lady from Vermont. She was visiting a married sister in Montreal, and her beauty, vivacity and grace soon drew about her many admirers. She won her way into the best society. At the barracks she was an especial favorite, and at dinners her name was frequently the subject of a toast. Among those who fell at her feet was one Major Ward, a handsome and dashing young officer of the Fusiliers, who was said to be heir to a baronetcy. Sweeney, too, was a worshipper at the shrine of her beauty, and for a brief period there was a sharp rivalry. It was understood that both gentlemen proposed for the lady's hand and that after taking a little time to consider she had chosen Sweeney. Ward accepted his defeat with apparent good grace and although his companions could see that the arrow of disappointment had entered deeply into his soul, he assumed a gay and debonair air, which all who knew him could see was not natural.

In due course Sweeney led his bride to the altar, and after the wedding tour they came to Montreal to reside, the husband having accepted a government position. A series of weekly dinners were arranged by the pair. At the second of these affairs an event transpired that those present never forgot to their dying day.

Mrs. Sweeney was in her best form. She was exquisitely attired in rich pink and wore on her head and bosom costly gems of rare brilliancy. She was more than usually affable and vivacious. Her example was infectious, and the company, inspired by the good nature of their hostess, were in the midst of an hilarious storm of applause, which had been called forth by a pleasant remark from the host, when the butler, who had been called to the door by a housemaid, returned with a note in his hand, which he handed to the bride. She little anticipated the scene which would follow, excused herself to the ladies and gentlemen sitting near, and opened the missive. As she read, her color was observed to change. She looked towards her husband with a terrified gaze and half rose from her chair, then, recovering herself, she read the paper in her bosom, and endeavored to conceal her emotion, chatting gaily meanwhile.

But the incident had not escaped the attention of Sweeney. He had seen the passage of the note and noticed his wife's confusion. His deep black eyes were fastened on her face, and the color mounted to his cheek, as he called the butler and directed him to ask Mrs. Sweeney for the note. She smiled at her husband and shook her head, but one look at his piercing eyes showed her that he would not be denied. So, pale and trembling she drew the note from his hiding place.

Sweeney opened and read it. He turned pale as death. With a muttered oath he leaped from his chair, and with all the impetuosity of his race rushed into the room, leaving the company in a state of excitement and alarm at this extraordinary behavior. Mrs. Sweeney fainted, and while some of the guests endeavored to restore her, the rest got their wraps and prepared to leave for their homes. Many were the suggestive looks and words exchanged as the guests who placed the worst construction upon the occurrence withdrew.

Sweeney repaired at once to the barracks. His appearance there in an evening suit and without his hat must have at least created a feeling of astonishment. He asked for Major Ward, who had just dined. The major, extending his hand, came forward. Sweeney took no notice of the proffered hand, and

in a loud voice produced the note that had been handed to his wife.

"Did you send that?" he asked. Ward glanced at the paper, and then looking at the enraged Sweeney calmly replied:

"I did not."

"But it is in your handwriting. The signature is yours, for I know it well."

"I did not write it, nor did I send it," said Ward.

"Then who did?" persisted Sweeney, vehemently.

"I cannot tell," said Ward, "without breaking confidence."

"I don't believe you," roared Sweeney. "You lie. You wrote it and sent it and are afraid to acknowledge your guilt."

"Have a care, Sweeney," said Ward, as his color heightened, "you must apologize for that or fight!"

"Then, by G—, I'll fight."

All this occurred in the presence of several officers and two or three orderlies, who had been drawn to the room by the sound of the voices. Pistols were chosen, the distance fixed at thirty paces, the time at six minutes, the following morn'g Sweeney returned to his home, to make his will and prepare for the meeting.

He refused to see his wife although she passionately implored him to hasten her explanation. At the hour named he left the house for the ground selected, and not very far from the barracks. At the first fire Ward fell. He had been shot through the heart and never moved again.

When his pistol was examined, after his death, it was found that it had not been discharged.

Among Ward's effects was found a letter addressed to his colonel, to be opened in case of his death, in which he expressed his intention not to fire upon his antagonist. "I would not see him killed or fall wounded for all the wealth of the world. I would not rob the dear woman who delighted to call him husband, of his protection, for my hope of a hereafter. If I fall I shall be the victim of a practical joke, in which I had no part nor lot."

More than this cannot say and preserve my standing as a British soldier and a gentleman."

Sweeney fled across the border, but before he went he learned about the note and how it came to be sent. A young lady confessed that she, with two other girls, wrote and despatched the missive to Mrs. Sweeney as a joke! The handwriting of Major Ward and his signature had been imitated closely. The note informed the bride that the writer loved her and asked her to fly with him to the American side of the line, and desert Sweeney, who could not appreciate her beauty and goodness. After the note had been sent the girls laughingly told Major Ward what they had done. The major condemned the act as foolish and criminal, and he so worked on the girls' fears that they endeavored to get the note back, but it was too late—it having already been delivered to the unsuspecting bride. Sweeney was deeply depressed by the explanation. He never again held up his head. The poor major was ever by his side, pointing to a ghastly wound in his breast.

In a twelvemonth Sweeney died, literally of a broken heart. Of the subsequent career of the girls who had caused all this misery, and by a silly, wicked prank encompassed the death of two brave men, I have never learned.

Mrs. Sweeney, after a year had elapsed, returned to Montreal. Here she became acquainted with a rising young lawyer, who proposed, and they were married. Her husband entered politics, and upon Confederation became a member of Sir John A. Macdonald's government. Upon leaving Canada he became a banker in London, where he amassed great wealth and was knighted, and his wife, who was so cruelly robbed of her first husband, became Lady —.

Both are long since dead, and in dying they left behind them an imperishable record of good deeds and unselfish charity. (Hon. D. W. Higgins in Vancouver World.)

## The Mirror.

Continued from page 3

Mrs. Bumble: "How do you feel after the party last night?" Charles: "All right, Matty. I think I'll take a little run down town presently. I have some few things to attend to."

Mrs. Bumble: "If you can wait for an hour or so Charles I'll go with you. I need some more silk for my centerpiece. But tell me about the party, who won the prizes, eh?"

Charles: Miss Slimly got the first and Miss Barber the second, and young Cote the men's and Jones the second.

Mrs. Bumble: "And who was the prettiest girl, Charles?"

Charles: "Miss Slimly looked remarkably well I thought. She had on some sort of pink thing. I believe it came from New York."

Mrs. Bumble: Fancy you noticing her dress, Charles. All the same I consider Miss Slimly too washed out to look well. I expect it must have been her clothes. She's so delicate, too. Might fade away any time."

Telephone rings.

Mrs. Bumble, with alacrity: "I'll go."

Charles: "Let me."

They both make a move and collide, Charles being almsly built

extricates himself first, and takes up the receiver.

"Oh, how do you do, Miss Burns. I shall be delighted. Very kind of Mrs. Watson to think of me. Hope I'll see you there. Goodbye."

Mrs. Bumble, curiously: "What did Miss Burns have to say, Charles?"

Charles: "She said Mrs. Watson had asked her to give me a message."

It's a small bridge at Mrs. Watson's Friday night, and I am invited."

Mrs. Bumble: How very singular she should ask Miss Burns to give you the message.

Charles: Not at all, considering Mrs. Watson has no telephone and Miss Burns has.

Mrs. B.: Then you are going, Charles?

Charles: Certainly.

Mrs. B.: There is something about that Burns girl I cannot stand. Charles, shortly: She's all right.

Mrs. Bumble, impressively: She is very deep, Charles. I never could bear that girl. Such bold manners. The postman's bell is heard.

Mrs. Bumble, nodding to the front door and hisplanning noiselessly upstairs when Charles joins her in the hall.

Anything for me?

Mrs. Bumble, very reluctantly: Yes. A postal and two letters.

They return to the drawing room, Charles puts his mail in his pocket and retires to easy chair again.

Mrs. Bumble: Aren't you going to read your letters, Charles?

Charles: No hurry. I've only just got two.

Mrs. Bumble: One was from New York. Do you hear from that Miss Bright who was visiting here in the fall?

Charles, evasively: "I don't know. Her seraglio writing. I never could bear that girl. Such bold manners. What a man could see in her I don't understand."

Charles, tersely: Well, then, Mattie, I'll tell you this much, that letter isn't from Miss Bright."

Mrs. Bumble: The other letter Charles, smiling, now puts one of that widow whom we met at the Coast last year. I am not much of a sport, but I'll wager a box of cigars against a box of candy that Mrs. Watson's name O. Bloomington wrote it. Oh, these widows Charles. They are after the money every time. They are the most calculating, mercenary species, and once, once they mark a man for their prey he can never escape them—not so long as there are postal deliveries. Besides, I did hear she treated the late Mr. Bloomington shamefully. I even heard said that he had committed suicide.

Now that is quite enough to damn a wife to my way of thinking.

Charles is apparently deep in a perusal of "The Uses of Electricity in Modern Life."

Mrs. Bumble: The postcard Charles is from Miss Black. Why she should imagine you want to hear from her I cannot understand.

Such a drab, insignificant, homely, stupid nonentity. Besides, I did hear she treated the late Mr. Bloomington shamefully. I even heard said that he had committed suicide.

Charles, glancing up the street sees Miss Burns coming down towards the house.

Charles: Er, I think I'll go down town now.

Mrs. Bumble swiftly looking out of the window takes in the situation:— Oh, I forgot to tell you. Poor old Miss Gravestone has to have another operation. I'm afraid that will finish her.

Charles, rising: Very sorry, Matty.

Mrs. Bumble: Oh, have you heard that new novel I got from Montreal? It is called "Put Maple Leaves upon My Tomb."

Charles: I've heard nothing else for the last week.

Mrs. Bumble as Charles reaches the door: Oh, Charles, won't you go down cellar and bring me a bottle of ale. I feel quite faint.

Charles, extremely polite: Certainly, Matty. Good.

Mrs. Bumble, relieved: There now, that horrid Miss Burns has passed, the danger is over.

Re-enter Charles with ale. He sinks down into his easy chair again after a futile look out of the window.

Miss Burns having gone, Mrs. Bumble smiles the smile of victory and goes to piano. Strains of "Put Maple Leaves upon my Tomb" are heard.

Doorbell rings and door opens unceremoniously. In rushes a charming blonde young woman with blue eyes and rosy complexion.

"Oh, Mrs. Bumble. You must help us. Our water pipes have burst and here are sister and I all alone. What are we to do without a man or a telephone?"

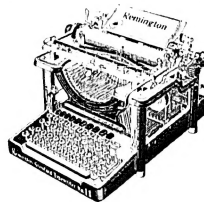
Mrs. Bumble: With extreme coldness: Miss Winsome I'll phone the plumbers to go over at once. Nothing can be done till they arrive.

Charles becomes strikingly animated as sister Matty calls up the plumbers.

Miss Winsome: You know, Mr. Rich I was just learning my lines for my new part. I was so intensely interested I never heard a thing until I found myself standing in a foot of ice water and a regular Niagara pouring over me. And what DO YOU suppose my lines were at that moment WONDERFULLY APPROPRIATE. I was just rehearsing the part when the hero has saved me from death by drowning, and I was murmuring to him,

Continued on page 8

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## The Mirror.

Continued from page 7

"You have saved me from the cold water at the risk of your life, and I owe all to you. What can I do to repay you for your bravery." She laughs merrily.

Charles: Miss Winsome, take me to the scene of devastation at once and let me save YOUR life.

They go out together laughing animatedly.

Mrs. Bumle elaps her hands despairingly: Well, well. How an actress always takes with a man. I almost think I'd prefer the Burns girl. OH, I have the most horrible misgivings.

Curtain.

## HOME AND SOCIETY

To London Town from Babylon  
The pageant of the world goes by  
For you, for you, I pause and on  
A Stander-By

The interest of all music lovers in the Province will be aroused by the announcement that Marie Hall, one of the greatest violinists the world has ever heard, is to appear for a one-night engagement in the Capital at the Edmonton Opera House on April 9th, Good Friday evening, Mr. Walford having been fortunate enough to secure her for that date.

A subscription list is now being filled, and any one desirous of adding their name to the subscriber's list can do so by seeing Mr. Walford. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week subscribers can book their seats, in advance, at the Heintzman and Co.'s store on Jasper Ave; the following week the plan will be open to the general public at the Opera House.

Mr. and Mrs. Bredin left for their home in the far north via their private car, "The Caboose," at one o'clock on Thursday.

All her friends will be delighted to learn that Mrs. Kelly was able to leave the Hospital on Friday last, having made a splendid and rapid recovery from her recent operation.

Her fine new residence on Seventh street is gradually being settled, and will doubtless be one of the prettiest bridal homes in Edmonton, when its young mistress is able to personally superintend its arrangement.

On Thursday Mrs. Bulyen held her last reception of the season. Government House being quite crowded between the hours of four and six.

Mrs. Bulyen was looking remarkably well and was exquisitely frocked in amethyst chiffon velvet.

During the afternoon sweet music lent its charm to the happy chatter of women's voices, and guests lingered, enjoying the sociability of the occasion.

The tea-room, always a popular rendezvous, was in charge of Miss Babbitt, Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mrs. Hielop, Mrs. Balmer Watt and Miss Macdonald of Winnipeg, all of whom were prettily frocked.

The table was severely simple but very effectively arranged. A great bowl of calla lilies on a mirror base, the edge outlined in palest satin streamers.

I see that Mrs. Bulyen has taken to riding again. I noticed her one morning this week riding a splendid animal and sitting her horse like a queen. Indeed the First Lady of Alberta is an all round accomplished woman, being without doubt the most graceful skater in Edmonton, an expert rider, a fine amateur photographer as her pictures this week demonstrate, and having a great many other accomplishments which on account of her great modesty the general world is not aware of.

I hear murmurings both loud and deep, likewise profane silences, over

the very arbitrary decision reached by the general meeting of the Edmonton Golf Club to bar Saturday teas in future, also to prohibit the ladies playing that day. Their Serene Sultanships are then to king it alone, I understand, the only time, they maintain (a fib) which they can save to themselves.

Seeing that even in past seasons we have been barred from play until four, when if a man isn't too dead slow for words he can be well on his second round, the announcement comes to the ladies in the nature of a deliberate slap in the face.

It needs no assurances on the part of some of the men to convince us that they had no hand in the forming of any such legislation. One knows instinctively those who helped to reach this ruling, mostly men who can play day in and day out, and do, morning, afternoon, any old time. I think none of the women are overly keen to interfere with any such gentlemen, either in the matter of play or forcing the hospitality of the Club House upon them. And yet it is for the sake of such members, who have not been slow to avail themselves of tea and muffins in the past, that the ONE little social distraction of the summer up here, the Saturday Golf Tea is to disappear in future. Behold a paid female will dispense the social beverage in our stead; tea at so much a cup, when only old women, it seems to me, would care a two-penny for it. One doesn't drink tea, after all I trust, for the mere sake of swallowing so much liquid, but because some one dispenses it in a pleasant home-like fashion, in a way productive of sociability and happy chatter. At so much per cup of a Saturday afternoon I beg to decline.

I understand it cost the club \$65 for cream, tea and service. Appalling, in the Capital city of Alberta. Why were we not first asked if we wouldn't supply these as well as the refreshments?

Not having been any but a very insignificant prop of the Club in the past, I can safely ask where would the Edmonton Golf Club be today if it were not for the ladies, their interest, their aid in giving dances, etc., etc?

On Wednesday, and it please you, we will have our luncheons to ourselves; in the meantime some of the golfing men about town are not too highly popular.

The marriage of Miss Lella Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Kerr Coulter, to Mr. Walton Henry Routledge, son of the late Mr. William Routledge, Sydney, Nova Scotia, took place quietly on Tuesday, March 16th, at St. Simon's Church, Toronto, Rev E. C. Cayley officiating. The bride was given away by her father, and wore her travelling dress of "dead leaf" cloth, but to match and subtle furs. She carried a bouquet of white roses, and was attended by Miss Katie Wickert. The best man was Mr. Richard Cowan. Mr. and Mrs. Routledge left for Buffalo immediately after the ceremony, and will leave for their future home in Athabasca Landing, where the groom is an inspector of the Mounted Police.

Mrs. J. H. McLean held her post-nuptial reception at her home on Telford street West Thursday afternoon from 3 to 6 p.m. The callers were graciously received by Mrs. McLean, who wore her wedding gown of white Liberty satin, trimmed with pearls and chiffon. Miss McLean of Strathcona, who assisted Mrs. McLean, was attired in a pretty gown of blue Shantung. The tea room was tastefully decorated with clusters of daffodils and was presided over by Mrs. W. G. Lowry and Mrs. E. C. Wells—Leduc Representative.

Robert Service, the well-known writer of the Sourdough poems, will join the ranks of the benedicts in the early summer. The prospective bride is a prominent Winnipeg lady.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: "Mrs. John W. Sifton died suddenly last evening at her home, 167 Hargrave street, after an illness which lasted but a couple of days. On Monday last, Mrs. Sifton was down town shopping and contracted a slight cold. As she was not feeling well when she returned, Mr. Sifton called a physician; and, as she seemed to have taken a rather severe chill, a nurse was sent for. Though the cold developed into a severe attack, no danger was feared, and on Thursday she was feeling much better. So marked was her improvement that Mr. Sifton went to his office yesterday morning, but, on returning home at 1 o'clock he found she had suffered a relapse. Doctors were at once summoned, but despite every effort she passed away last evening at 7 o'clock. Mrs. Sifton, whose maiden name was Kate Watkins, was in her 76th year. She came to Canada when a mere girl, and was married to J. W. Sifton in 1853. Six years ago they celebrated their golden wedding. Five children were born, three sons and two daughters. One son and one daughter died in infancy, and one daughter some years since. Mrs. Sifton is survived by her two sons, Arthur Sifton, chief justice of Alberta, and Hon. Clifford Sifton, M.P. O. H. Clark is a nephew. Mrs. Sifton spent the first twenty years of her married life in Ontario, and came to Manitoba with her husband in 1874. She had lived here almost continuously since that time at Selkirk, at Brandon, and for many years past in Winnipeg. She was a devout member of Grace church."

Peggy

## FORTUNES IN ADVERTISING.

The death in England recently of Mr. Andrew Pears, J.P., senior member of the great soap firm and managing director of the Isleworth works, recalls anew the value of advertising in building up a business. Mr. Pears was the great grandson of the original Andrew Pears, the founder of the world-famous soap business, who began life as a barber, and later set up business as a general perfumer in Greek street, Soho. A skilled chemist the late Mr. Pears discovered a way to make transparent soap, upon which the family fortunes were built. When, in 1892, the firm was turned into a limited liability company, the yearly profits of the much-advertised soap were said to be £70,000. Indeed, Mr. Pears once told an interviewer that the annual increase to his business was "a fortune"; one year it was from £40,000 to £50,000.

The greatest feat of Messrs Pears has been the success of their advertisements. "Good morning, have you used Pears' Soap?" is a classic greeting. Again, who is there who has not seen the famous picture "Bubbles," for which the firm paid Sir John Millais £2,200?

The stultic of the cleanly old housewife using Pears' soap with apparently unnecessary vigor on her tearful son, whom she is admonishing as "You dirty boy!" is also a favorite with the public.

The firm has spent over £3,000,000 in advertising, and its publicity bill for a single year has reached £126,000.



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